

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 191. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

HISTORY OF A BURNIE.

'The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang.'

BURNS.

FAR and high in a mountainous tract of the south of Scotland, in a hollow more green than brown in the side of a hill, the burnie commences its existence in a spongy or mossy piece of ground, all covered over with plants bearing small white flowers. It is a wild solitary place, where few living things are seen besides the hoodie crow, which comes here occasionally to converse with companions of his own species about dead lambs and such windfalls. At first you can see nothing like a rill—it is only a *syke*—but a little way onward, the syke begins to assume the form and movements of a burnie, and you may see it stealing along under the grass in a thread so slender, that the fairies might step over it at night, and scarcely know it is there. A very infantine affair is the burnie as yet—and rather like a sleeping than a waking infant—you might lay your ear close down to it, and you would only hear it making the faintest murmur among its pebbles and its grass, like the breathings of a baby in a cradle. By and by, however, it begins to grow, and to become more noisy, and to leap over little stones that lie in its way, as if it had acquired a taste for fun, and were determined to indulge it. And yet it is doing so 'its leafy lane,' as they say in Scotland; for not a soul is at hand to witness its pranks. The very rushes that fringe it get leave to grow as long as they will, there not being a bairn within several miles to come and pull them. At length our burnie comes to a place where there was once a herd's house, a little green and sheltered spot—people lived in it for many years, and were well acquainted with the burnie at this stage of its life-course—but they have long since left the place; and the only trace of them now is a few grassy mounds that once were walls. Onward it goes for many a turn, beneath the green hills—quite happy in its companionless journey—trotting, hopping, jumping—singing a merry song to itself, though there is not a bird to answer the descendant—for we are yet far above the region of birds and bushes too—shining out brightly in the sunshine, though there seldom comes an eye to catch its dazzle. Well may it be thus bright and happy, for see how innocent it is—not a tinge in its clear waters—not a speck on the clean-washed pebbles left dry by its margin! Happiness and purity—how well they suit each other!

Such is the infancy of a burnie. But infancy is but a passing stage with burnies as well as bairns. Our burnie must leave these alpine solitudes, and come into

society, albeit to lose a little of the beautiful simplicity of its character. Bushes now begin to be seen along its banks; one of the first is an old thorn, with the earth all worn away round its roots, in consequence of the sheep coming there to rub themselves against its bark. In sheltered places, the ferns grow luxuriantly along the little haughs. The immediately adjacent braes being too steep for the sheep to feed along them, we see them all starred with primroses. Here at last is a green place, with short grass all besprent with gowans, opened fully to the sun—and upon it a lassie laying out clothes to bleach. Turn a corner, and behold a herd's house: it is the eldest hope of the family who is now putting the waters of our friend the burnie to their first economic use on the green. Two younger children, somewhat farther down, have made a side channel for a portion of the stream, and are busy erecting thereon their mimic rush-mills. Truly our burnie is now in a hopeful way. The house—a *wee wee* cot-house it is—has one little window at its end, directed towards the burn; and there sits a cat, winking with listless satisfaction under the glow of the summer sun. There, too, sits a curched grand-dame working her stocking, and rejoicing in the genial warmth which perhaps rarely comes so far up the glen—thinking, mayhap, of the days when she was full of young life like the burnie, and little recked of the many cares she has since gone through, or the sad memories which she has in the course of family years laid in the auld kirkyard.

Whisking blithely past this outpost of civilisation, our burnie now descends into a rough gully or ravine between steep banks, where it suddenly falls into a dreadful passion—kicks and flings, and fumes and sputters, at an awful rate; takes first one big stone in the side of the head, and then another, jumps madly over the heads of some, and goes poking under the ribs of certain others that are too big to be so dealt with—in short, it is a terrible specimen of youthful violence for the time it lasts, which fortunately is not long. After the whole scene is past, we see our friend coming out calmly along an open green, as if nothing of the kind had taken place. It has now come to the place where farm-steadings begin. You see them with their lowly thatched roofs at different points in the surrounding landscape. One or two plantations also vary the sombre hues of the hill-sides. Here the burnie may be said to have come into the world. Old-fashioned country wives put it to a good deal of use in bleaching their linen webs. Bairns paid about in it the whole summer day. There are now some nice haughs along the banks, with cocks of meadow-grass dotting them all along. Gentlemen occasionally come up thus far to fish. Perhaps you may have been all along indulging in delightful fancies as to the simple innocence of our burnie; but if you consult some of the people hereabouts, it is

far from unlikely that you hear a different account of it. They probably repute it as a very wicked burnie, exceedingly apt—for all so small and gentle as it looks just now—to rise in great floods, and carry off hay-cocks, and claes, and pigs, and whatever else, before any one has the least idea of it. Also a very capricious cappernoitie burnie with regard to its channel; sometimes on one side of the strath, and sometimes on the other; leaving in some places as much breadth of dry channel-stones as would serve for a good large river, let-be a burnie. Hard-headed country lairds never out of lawsuits about bounds in consequence of its pranks! To all of which, however, pray lend an ear of caution and reserve; for if people are known best at home, so also are they apt there to be subjects of prejudice. No doubt our burnie has a spate now and then, and takes its own way with the strath: but are not these only traits of a lively energetic character? Isn't it better to have a boy who makes us a little uncomfortable now and then, than one who is everlastingly tame and stupid? Depend on it, as to our burnie, even its failings lean to virtue's side.

Still in the uplands. Still the green hills rise on every side. Scraggy old forests patch the braes here and there. Sometimes a ruined tower, green and yellow with moss and lichen, stands like an old broken-down robber in our path. Our burnie has now grown to be a pretty copious flood. One thinks of it, as of a jacket-outgrowing boy, that by this time something might be made of it. Fatal thought! See half a mile onward, down the glen, our burnie's first mill! Seized the moment it has sufficient strength, and yoked into this eternal machinery—poor burnie! Is there house-room for nothing in this world but what will work? Alas, no! And yet a mill by a burn-side is not exactly what a mill is in some other circumstances. A pleasant enough sort of place it generally is, of shade and sunshine, birds and bees, daisied greensward, sparkling waters: the very wheel has a mossiness of outline that extinguishes half the idea of the mechanical. And then the miller is always such a comfortable fellow—

'Merry may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's aye bringin' till her.
He's aye a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper,
And, if you please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.'

The unfortunate thing is, that, once discovered to have any power of work in it, the burnie can get no more rest, but must drive a wheel every half mile of its course as far as it goes. See then a long series of mills along its banks—some for meal, some for sawing, and so forth—all of them very neat little establishments, and no doubt exceedingly useful to the natives; yet one cannot but regret the drain they make upon the proper channel of the flood, diverting it nearly all into tame mill-courses, and leaving in dry weather only a track of pebbles where there ought to be a sparkling streamlet. The only consolation is, that there really is something so respectable in the useful. Not that it gratifies selfishness in man, but that it enables so many to breathe in and enjoy this bright world, who otherwise would not do so. Bravo, then, thou burnie, since this mechanic power of thine has such associations—since this very water that the miller's children are so happy to dabble in, seeking for memmons and eels (though never catching any), gives them the bread they eat, and puts those very duds upon their backs—not to speak of the service which hundreds of other people find in the results of its unconscious and unwearied toil!

In this advanced part of its career, the burnie has a sober middle-aged appearance. The sparkle of youth is past—no more pranking with opposing stones, or jinking under overhanging bushes—no more brawling and scampering down rough glens. It has become a dounce-looking water, flowing for half a mile at a time without a ripple, and only having a little fun and

prattle at fords, or when it tumbles over a wear. It now passes through the stately woods surrounding dignified mansions, which advertise themselves as all the better of the capital troutling stream near which they are situated. Being no longer to be treated as a child, men have built bridges over it almost every mile of its course. In some places—for the sake of the land—it has been confined between two long mounds, showing decidedly that the days of chivalry are past with it, and that now there is nothing but rationality to be tolerated. These are great changes from the vicinage of the first herd's house and the daisy-pied washing-green; but the burnie submits, as knowing it to be all in the natural and proper course of things—like a sensible woman quietly donning caps when she knows that ringlets won't do any longer. Still, however, there is many a snug farm which rejoices in having the burnie running past its borders. Its long bright runs over the brown stones, terminating in deep black pools overhung by ashes and saughs, and each occupied by a clan of bull-trouts, yet afford good sketching ground for the lovers of the picturesque. All is not commonplace. There is a mixture of the *dulce* with the *utile*. There is even a town which gazetteers speak of as 'beautifully situated on the —,' naming the burnie, if it has a name, which peradventure it has, though many burnies pursue a pleasant existence anonymously. So do not suppose that this mediæval sobriety has quite taken away all that is worth noticing in our burnie.

A little farther on, its individuality terminates in its junction with a bigger water, which is again absorbed some miles lower down by a first-rate river. A sad moment it is which beholds the end of this one of nature's living things, albeit we know that its waters continue to exist in another form; and yet it is consolatory to think that its individuality has ended while yet free from all that is incongruous with its primitive brightness and purity. Cotton factories begin upon the water into which it falls. Coal-mines pour their ochry rills into that stream. It washes rags for sundry paper-mills, and takes on a vast deal of blue from a fulling establishment. Well that our burnie should have been snatched away from a recognised existence before it could be visited by any of these utilitarian degradations! Happy, happy, beautiful burnie! live thou for ever amongst the hills as hitherto—the loved of simple hearts, the joy of childhood that will never forget thee, however far it may wander—the same in all time, while every living thing that sees thee ages and ages till it goes to dust! Enough be it for thee that the bright lips of gowans kiss thee as thou flowest; that green woods delight to be reflected in thee; that summer's own sun has a heightened lustre in thy glancing waters. Enough be it that duties are assigned thee which, if thou hadst consciousness, thou wouldst not grudge to perform, seeing that, while they take not from thy beauty, they cheer human hearts, thus linking thee sensibly to that humanity which, in the wonderful harmony of all things, feels that such essences as thou belong to and are a part of itself.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

There is no subject perhaps which is so often mentioned, but so little understood by the public in general, as that of the 'nerves.' How often do we hear all classes of the community refer any unpleasant sensation or fanciful ailment to their being merely nervous; little understanding, however, when they make use of this term, what possible connection there can be between their feelings and their nervous system. Perhaps we shall surprise them when we mention that they can neither eat or drink, walk or talk, nor perform any action whatever, either voluntary or involuntary, but through the medium of their nervous system—a 'system' the nature and functions of which we shall here endeavour to explain.

In man and other vertebrate animals, the great centre

of the fu
a prolon
Now th
with tw
convey
are enab
body, al
sation
feeling
part of
of refer
of smell
capable
power o
trunks
ramifyin
state of
our bod
conscio
great n
action.
The
extremi
finger; l
limb, al
purpose
mortific
and sen
which t
anatom
them th
its fold
it is int
Now, a
body ar
of spec
these t
matter
change
of the
capable
tion.
the che
nomena
centre,
further
On the
phenom
of the
tributi
matter
The
satisfac
he find
and mo
do so l
white
has st
the liv
ing of
rise to
sufferi
the gr
media
excite
must
means
would
of the
fact, t
of fib
fluenc
Son
is imm
fibres
duced
throu

of the function is the brain and spinal marrow; the latter a prolongation of the brain, as it were, down the spine. Now this great centre of nervous matter is endowed with two distinct functions. 1. That of being able to convey *motor power* to the muscles, by whose agency we are enabled to perform all the ordinary actions of the body, all the movements of our limbs. 2. That of sensation, which is of two kinds—*common sensation*, or that feeling of pain which is produced on the injury of any part of our body; and *special sensation*, to which are to be referred the five senses—of feeling, of sight, of hearing, of smelling, and of taste. From this mass of matter, capable of endowing the parts of our bodies with the power of motion, and of feeling or sensation, numerous trunks are sent off to all parts of the human frame—ramifying over its structure to such an inconceivable state of minuteness, that we cannot touch any part of our body with even the point of a needle without being conscious of pain, proving that some part of this great nervous centre has been injured or excited into action.

The great nervous trunk which supplies the lower extremity of man is equal in thickness to his little finger; divide it, and he loses all power of moving his limb, all sense of feeling: the limb, to all intents and purposes, is dead; and, deprived of its nervous influence, mortifies. This power of endowing parts with motion and sensation is situated in two distinct structures, of which the brain and spinal marrow are composed; and anatomists, from their colour, are accustomed to call them the *white* and the *gray* matter. In the brain, the gray matter for the most part is external, enclosing in its folds the white matter; whilst in the spinal marrow it is internal, being completely surrounded by the white. Now, as a general rule, all the nervous trunks of the body and their branches, with the exception of nerves of special sensation, are composed of fibres derived from these two sources—that is, from the white and the gray matter; and these nervous trunks are conductors of that change produced in the nervous centre by the influence of the *mind*, which gives rise either to motion or sensation. But a most extraordinary fact, and one which is capable of being proved by direct experiment, is, that the change which takes place, to give rise to the phenomena of motion, has its origin at the great nervous centre, the source from which the trunks arise; and further, that this change takes place in the white matter. On the other hand, the change which gives rise to the phenomena of sensation takes place at the extremities of the nervous trunks—that is, at their ultimate distribution; and this change takes place in the gray matter.

The anatomist, in his dissections, is able to prove satisfactorily the origin of these nervous trunks; and he finds that all those arising from the spinal marrow, and most of those which are said to arise from the brain, do so by two roots, one of which is connected with the white matter, and the other with the gray. He can, and has still farther proved by experiments performed on the living animal, that irritation by pinching or pricking of the root which arises from the white matter gives rise to no sensation, as the animal shows no signs of suffering whatever; but irritate the root arising from the gray matter, and evident signs of suffering are immediately induced. Again: if in the dead animal we excite muscular contraction by means of galvanism, we must send the charge of electricity through the limb by means of the root arising from white matter, as no effect would be produced if we attempted to do it by means of the root arising from the gray. Allowing, then, the fact, that these nervous trunks are composed of two sets of fibres, one conveying sensitive, the other motor influence, let us apply it to practice.

Some part of the body meets with an injury—a change is immediately effected in the extremities of the sentient fibres, sensation is developed, and the change thus induced is conveyed by the sentient fibre to the brain, and through its medium to the mind. Through the myste-

rious agency of the mind, then, the motor power of the great nervous centre is brought into action, and a change is induced; this change is conveyed by the trunks to the muscles supplying the injured parts, or to other muscles, by whose combined action it is removed from further injury. But it is not necessary that an injury should be inflicted that motor influence should be generated, as the mind has the power of inducing it at will. All the movements of our bodies are effected by muscular action, and through the agency of the will. We move not a hand or foot, nor look at an object, without the mind having first willed that it shall be done.

But there are many actions in the human body which are performed independently of the will, though evidently under the influence of the mind, and through the medium of a nervous system; and this system is called by the anatomist the *sympathetic*. It consists of a number of little knot-like bodies called by the anatomist *ganglia*, which are extended along each side of the vertebral column—the whole of these ganglia being connected, by means of fibres, together. Now, it appears that each of these ganglia is capable of generating nervous influence, independently of the brain; hence each may be considered as a distinct nervous centre. The trunks arising from these ganglia are distributed principally to all those organs on which the vitality of the body depends, which are employed in secretion and its nutrition. It is the medium by which all parts of the body are brought into relation with each other, so that no one part shall become diseased or injured without the rest sympathizing with it, and indirectly, therefore, becoming affected as well. Familiar examples of this fact are of every-day occurrence: a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting, owing to the sympathy which exists between the brain and stomach; and *vice versâ*, a blow on the stomach will produce fainting, and even death, from the shock to the nervous system, and the arrest of its influence through the medium of the brain.

And now let us turn our attention once more to the influence of the mind over the functions of the body, through the agency of this part (the sympathetic) of the nervous system. We will here select a few familiar examples. What is referred to when one's mouth is said to be 'watering' at the sight of some favourite fruit or food, is dependent on the influence of the mind acting through the medium of the nervous system supplying the organs secreting the saliva. Tears, again, are abundantly secreted under the moderate exciting influence of the emotions of joy, grief, or tenderness. When, however, the exciting cause is violent, they are suppressed; hence, in excessive grief, the anguish of the mind is lessened on the flow of tears. Fear stops the flow of saliva; and it is a common practice in India to detect a thief among the native servants by putting rice into their mouths, and he whose mouth is driest after a short time is considered the culprit. Under mental anxiety, persons become thin; freedom from it favours deposit of fat. It would be an endless task, however, to recapitulate the many examples that could be brought forward proving this influence of the mind; so that nervous complaints must be looked upon as disorders of the mind, and not of the body; cure the one, and you will cure the other.

Mental influence having then this power over the functions of the body, we cannot be surprised at many diseases being a consequence of its deprived or abnormal condition. Nor can we be surprised at many of the remarkable phenomena displayed by mesmerists: their patients on whom they exhibit are generally highly sensitive, with minds naturally liable to become excited under the manipulations of the operator. For this reason, also, homœopathy, hydropathy, &c. have succeeded in curing many patients of their fancied ailments, because it only required some strong excitement to remove the morbid mental impression. Hence change of scene and diet, change of usual habits (for all the followers of these systems make it imperative on their patients to follow implicitly certain rules), and lastly, and not

least, a full determination, desire, or will on the part of the patient himself to get better—have succeeded, in a variety of complaints arising from mental causes, in effecting a cure.*

THE TWO SISTERS.

'As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer, and more fair.'—SHELLEY.

I WAS born in the village of Offingham, of which my father was the vicar. I have lived long, and have visited many lovely spots, and been the inmate of many happy homes; but never have I seen on earth a paradise like this, my early home. The village was a small sequestered spot, far from the bustling world; our house was an old-fashioned stone dwelling, with deep mullion windows, tall chimneys, and small projecting turrets; a broad terrace ran along the front, from which a bank of soft green turf sloped to the lawn beyond. The house was covered to its roof with myrtles and roses, and the garden was a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs. Yet lovely as was the scene without, within there was a far greater charm—peace and content reigned undisturbed. I have often since wondered whether my parents, up to the time at which my tale begins, had known what sorrow was; my remembrance of them is like that of a soft yet brilliant evening sky, where not a cloud chequers the deep blue vault of heaven, or casts a shadow on the earth beneath. I cannot recall one look of sadness on their faces, or remember one anxious or discordant word. Heaven's own peace brooded o'er the house.

But sorrow comes to all sooner or later; and how heavily it falls on the heart grown old in happiness and prosperity! Life opened brightly on me amidst these influences: a happier, gayer child never gladdened its parents' hearts. Soon after I had attained my seventh year, I was awakened early one morning by an unusual commotion in the house. People were hurrying past my door; I heard voices speaking in subdued tones in the passage, and amongst them recognised my father's, giving hurried directions to the servants. An undefined sense of coming evil fell on my spirit; I lay still, scarcely daring to breathe, watching with a beating heart the time when my nurse would come to dress me. Several hours must have elapsed; all was so silent, that even to me, young as I was, the suspense became insupportable: I sprang from my bed, and stealing along the corridor, knocked softly at the door of my mother's room. A strange woman opened it: seeing me, she bent down and whispered, 'Go to bed, miss, your mamma is very ill.' But I would not be repulsed; and pushing past her, entered the darkened chamber. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw my mother lying very still and pale, and my father sitting on the bed beside her, with his head buried in his hands; on a chair by the fire sat my nurse, with a baby on her knee. I did not cry, though my little heart was bursting with emotion; but creeping gently round the bed, I said, 'Harris, may I speak to mamma?' I think my father must have heard my voice; for with a convulsive sob he said, 'Take her away!' I was led back to my room, and desired to lie still until Harris came to me. I cried bitterly when left alone, but fell asleep while listening for her step. It is needless to dwell on that time. By degrees I was made to understand the truth: my mother had given birth to a little girl, and expired a few hours afterwards. It is difficult, even for a mind inured to these bereavements, to comprehend at first their full extent; how much less can a child realise the truth of such afflictions. They told me that my mother was dead—that I should see her

no more on earth. I saw the hearse that bore her away; her chair stood empty by the fireside, and I no longer heard her sweet voice in the house; and yet I believed that I should see her again; and often in the daytime I went to her favourite haunts in the garden, hoping to find her there; and whenever, in the silence of the evening, I could escape from observation, I stole into her room with an assured certainty that she would have come back: not finding her as I expected, I lay down on her bed and cried bitterly.

Sorrow cannot, however, dwell long in the heart of a child; and mine was soon dispelled by the smiles of my little sister. I could not understand the silent abstraction of my father: his grief was too deep to seek relief from any earthly source; he shut himself up in his study, and allowed no one to enter; he never asked for his children, and I observed that the baby was carefully kept from his sight. Long and fearful must have been the struggle in my father's soul: the wife who had cheered and blest his home was gone, and life for him had lost its brightness. In the first anguish which her loss occasioned, he refused all comfort; but succeeding months brought calmer thoughts; his children, *her children*, remained to him; for their sake he would rouse himself, and devote the remainder of his life to their improvement, and strive by redoubled tenderness to supply the loss they had sustained. Selfishness was foreign to his nature, and even in grief he forgot himself in the desire to benefit those around him. The house gradually resumed its cheerfulness; and though we never ceased to feel the change that had fallen on our home, yet we were once again a merry, happy family.

As I grew older, my father saw the necessity of placing me under the control of some judicious lady: the rough and fearless girl, the playmate of many brothers, needed the guidance of a female friend. And never was choice more fortunate than that made for me: Miss Franklin became a blessing to us all. Quietly and gently she assumed the management of the household, and we soon unhesitatingly obeyed; for we respected as well as loved her. Even the impetuous spirit of my brothers yielded to her mild control. I never remember any contention between them; she seemed at once to command their obedience, and to guide them as she chose. With me, no authority was needed: I followed wherever she led, an unquestioning and devoted pupil: to be near her, to listen to her words of kindness and instruction, became the chief pleasure of my life. I had dreaded her arrival, and with childish waywardness had determined not to love her myself; and above all things, not to allow her to tyrannise over my darling Amy. This sister had already become the first object of my life: I loved her passionately, and had constituted myself her teacher, and controller of all that concerned her; I therefore looked upon Miss Franklin as an unwelcome interloper, a rival to my power over Amy. I met her with little courtesy, and am afraid showed very plainly my predetermined intention of disliking her. It was not, however, in the power of mortal to resist Miss Franklin; at least it was far beyond mine; and I not only yielded myself submissively to her guidance, but, what was far more difficult, learned by degrees to see her gaining influence over Amy. This child loved her with an energy peculiar to her nature, and I felt at times a pang I cannot describe in seeing her growing partiality for Miss Franklin, whose gentle and undemonstrative manners won Amy's love, whilst my own vehement caresses were received with careless indifference. I endured all the torments of jealousy, for Amy's love was the only thing on earth I really cared for: yet, in the midst of my unhappiness, I do not think that I was ever unjust to Miss Franklin. I never blamed her, for I felt her superiority; and while I mourned Amy's preference, I could not but acknowledge how wise it was. I think few people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer: childhood is regarded as the gay, buoyant period of life; and those

* The reader will receive this explanation of mesmeric phenomena as a hypothesis representing only the individual opinion of the writer of the above paper.—Ed.

alone who
world of jo
in their li
their baby-
they are al
which the
From this
seen many
of sympathy
per from th
of my life,
strued, ho
Miss Fran
its source,
'Fanny,' a
at work,
'Oh, M
sure: I lo
'I am s
by love?
differ str
I remain
question.
life; and I
have anal
bright su
I believe,
Amy spri
to y
the creat
readiness
ness of o
of pure c
Amy is i
heart sho
cloud gat
your che
selfishnes
I was
willingly
subject.
grew old
more. A
me than
bliss of
Franklin
us depen
ness; and
you, you
your ca
alone; to
since fel
in all he
the love
judicious
already
was the
she mar
tuated.
to me
constan
peculiar
present
and wis
My f
his effor
he was
ravages
were n
Miss F
that de
quitted
places
at colle
in a d
to con
with m
at this

alone who make children their study, can tell what a world of joy and sorrow, of struggle and suffering, lies in their little hearts. Insignificant as the events of their baby-life may seem to the matured mind of man, they are all-important in themselves, as the means by which the child is trained for the coming duties of life. From this want of entering into their feelings, I have seen many a one punished for sullenness, when a word of sympathy in its little grief would have saved its temper from the ordeal of unjust correction. At this period of my life, had my silence and irritability been misconstrued, how might my character have suffered! But Miss Franklin read my heart, traced each feeling to its source, and checked the evil that was springing. 'Fanny,' she said one day when I had long sat moodily at work, 'I wonder what you love best in the world?'

'Oh, Miss Franklin, how can you ask? Amy, to be sure: I love Amy better than the whole world beside.'

'I am sure you *think* so; but tell me what you mean by love? I think our definitions of the word would differ strangely.'

I remained silent, for indeed I did not understand her question. My love for Amy seemed a part of my very life; and I could no more define the feeling, than I could have analysed the beams of light which shone from the bright sun above our heads. I looked up inquiringly, I believe, for Miss Franklin continued, 'Your love for Amy springs from love of yourself, not from pure devotion to your sister: you love her as your plaything, as the creature over whom you have a fancied right. That readiness to yield our own wishes to promote the happiness of others, which I regard as an essential attribute of pure disinterested love, I do not see in you. When Amy is happy with me, and in the simplicity of her heart shows a preference for my company to yours, a cloud gathers on your brow, and the colour mounts to your cheeks. Dearest Fanny, this is not love; it is selfishness.'

I was deeply mortified, and Miss Franklin, who never willingly wounded the feelings of any one, dropped the subject. I never, however, forgot her words, and as I grew older, I felt them influence my actions more and more. Amy's welfare and happiness became dearer to me than my own, and gradually I learned to feel the bliss of resigning my own desire to hers. It was Miss Franklin's continual study, as we grew older, to render us dependent on each other for amusement and happiness; and often she would say, 'Fanny, when I leave you, you must be Amy's guardian friend; she needs your care; the gay volatile child cannot yet stand alone; to you she must look for everything.' I have since felt that the chief aim Miss Franklin had in view in all her instruction, was to give a right direction to the love I bore my sister, to render me a safe guide and judicious friend to the creature whose beauty and talent already threatened to be dangers in her path. Amy was the idol of the house; caressed and spoiled by all, she manifested the faults peculiar to a child thus situated. To make me aware of these faults, to point out to me the perils that beset her, was Miss Franklin's constant endeavour. It was as if a foreshadowing of peculiar trials that were to be our portion was ever present to her soul. Alas! how soon were my prudence and wisdom to be tested.

My father's health had been long failing. In spite of his efforts to shake off grief, it had slowly done its work: he was no longer young when my mother died, and the ravages made in his constitution by sorrow for her loss were never repaired. He gradually became feebler, and Miss Franklin did not conceal from me the knowledge that death was fast approaching. My brothers had all quitted our home: one by one they had taken their places in the world. Two were already in India, one at college, and the youngest was studying engineering in a distant town. I was therefore the only child left to comfort my father's declining days. I look back with melancholy pleasure to the hours I spent with him at this period. I was old enough to be his friend and

companion, and he loved to pour out his heart to me. He talked of his early days, of my mother, of the unbounded happiness they had enjoyed together, of her death, and all that he had since suffered. The thought of rejoining her was ever present to his mind; and as I listened to his hopeful trust in the mercy of God, and his glad anticipation of a reunion with her he had lost, I learned the best lessons of religion.

With his own thankfulness to depart and be at rest, however, mingled many an anxious feeling for his daughters. 'My boys,' he would say, 'must fight their own way in the world; for them I am content; but for you, Fanny, and for my little Amy, I often tremble: yet why distrust our Father's love? When I am gone, will He not still remain, an all-sufficient Friend, the orphan's sure Protector? Trust in His goodness, my child, He will never fail you.'

Then he would talk to me of Amy—that precious legacy bequeathed by his dying wife; and with tears in his eyes intreat me never to leave her; to watch over her, and be her guide, adding these words, which sank deep into my soul, and became the spring of my future actions, 'Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own: thus when we meet in Heaven, you may present her to the mother who died in giving her birth, with the joyful consciousness that you have faithfully fulfilled your mission on earth.'

Soon after this my father died: the lonely desolation of the weeks that followed his decease I will not describe. I was stunned by the blow; but soon recognising the importance of my task, I roused myself to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon me. Had it not been for my excellent friend Miss Franklin, all my efforts would have failed: she was my support, my counsellor: in the painful arrangements which followed our bereavement, she spared me every needless pang; and consulting with my brothers, she arranged our future plan of life. It was of course necessary to quit the vicarage immediately, as the new incumbent was impatient to take possession. The property destined for us was invested in the hands of my eldest brother, a merchant in Calcutta, and had been the nucleus of his present immense fortune. The interest was carefully remitted to us, and as far as pecuniary means went, we were without anxiety. A pretty cottage, which had formed part of my mother's fortune, was chosen for our future residence. With an aching heart I left the home of my happy childhood: in spite of my better reason, a foreboding of coming evil seized upon me; and as I entered the carriage that was to convey us to our new abode, I felt as if all my happiness were left behind in the dear old vicarage we were quitting. It was not so, however; though sorrow and difficulty awaited me, and long years of self-denial and labour were in store for me, yet peace and content lay beyond. In the severe school of adversity, my spirit gained strength and vigour; and the blessedness which accompanies every act of self-sacrifice, the peace which attends every conscientious effort to perform the painful duties of life, were eventually to be my portion.

We were so far happy as to retain our dear friend with us for some years, until I was old enough to take upon myself the full responsibility of directing our little household. I had attained my twentieth year when she left us. She had, for our sake, postponed her marriage with one to whom she had been long and devotedly attached, and whose urgent and reiterated claim upon her she felt it wrong longer to resist. Her loss was irreparable; but we could not oppose her departure. In quitting Amy and myself, she had the happiness of, seeing us united in the closest bonds of affection: sisters in heart and soul, firm and faithful friends. Her lessons had not been lost on either of us. Amy was the joy and pride of my life. Often as I looked at her, I thought how easy was the duty my father had bequeathed me, and recalled the solemnity of his manner with a smile. Alas, alas for the weakness of human nature! the struggle was yet to come.

Miss Franklin had not quitted us more than a few months, and we were already planning a visit to our friend in her new home, when one morning a letter was put into my hand, the contents of which struck dismay to my heart. Hastily folding it, I rose, and with all the self-command I could assume, walked to my own room. There I again read the letter: it was all true. In plain legible characters I saw that ruin—worldly ruin—stared us in the face. It contained the news of the death of our brother in India, and at the same time announced to us that, as he died insolvent, all remittances would henceforth cease. The business-like tone of the letter struck a chill sense of the extent of our calamity home to my very heart. I buried my face in my hands, and for a while brooded in utter hopelessness over the fate before us. All passed in rapid vision before my mind: poverty, with all its attendant miseries; poverty, not for myself alone—that I could have faced—but for Amy, my sister, the child of so much tender love—the gay, bright, sunny creature, whose step bounded over the earth as if it yielded nought but flowers—must the chill hand of penury blight her young life, and wither ere its prime that bud of promise? The thought had agony in it. Then did my father's solemn injunction recur to me, nerving my heart to bear, and strengthening my soul to do, all that might be demanded from me. In that moment I bound myself to shrink from no effort, to dare all things, so that my beloved sister might be shielded from the impending evil. I prayed for strength, I implored Heaven to guide and aid me in my firm resolve. As I rose from my knees, the sound of her sweet voice came from the garden beneath. 'Fanny, sister,' it said, 'what keeps you away from me so long? I am waiting for you.' I hastened to join her; and with all the calmness I could command, told her of our misfortune. The gentle girl scarcely comprehended the meaning of my words; but seeing the sorrowful expression of my face, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and with her sweetest smile said, 'We may be poor, dear Fanny, but we shall still be together: poverty cannot separate us.' I clasped her to my heart: 'No, Amy, our hearts can never be disunited.' I already felt that we must part, and her unconscious words pierced me to the soul.

I wrote to our dearest friend, now Mrs Wentworth, begging her advice. The next day brought her to us, and again she stood between us and sorrow. She saw that we could no longer keep up our little establishment, and wisely counselled us to give it up at once. She arranged all for us; and after seeing everything put in a right train, she carried us to her house, where we were welcomed with cordial kindness by her husband.

I had now leisure to think on the course I must pursue. My brothers were all involved with ourselves in this ruin, and were, moreover, either married, and with families dependent on them, or still struggling to establish themselves in the world: we could look for no help from them. For the first time I stood alone. I could not ask advice from Mrs Wentworth: she would hear of nothing but our remaining with her and her husband, and this I could not listen to. Their means were limited, and I could not consent to be a burden to our friends. God had given me strength and health; to the liberality of my father, and the care of Miss Franklin, I owed an excellent education; and I felt that I could myself maintain Amy. For her sake labour would be sweet. I resolved to seek for a situation as a governess; and though well knowing the trials and difficulties of such a career, I felt as if the motive would give me courage to meet them all. The thought that my dear sister was safe from harm would animate my drooping spirit, and send me on my way rejoicing. Having taken my resolution, I sought Mrs Wentworth. At first she opposed my plan, bringing forward all the difficulties it would entail upon me, all the sacrifices I must make, and urging me, with the warmth of a loving friend, not to leave the home she offered me. Seeing that my purpose was unalterably fixed, and in her heart, I am

sure, approving the spirit that urged me to seek an independence, she gradually yielded. I accepted, without hesitation, her proposal, that Amy should remain under her care. With her I knew my sister would be happy, and in no other situation could I have been satisfied to leave her. Amy was now thirteen, and from her peculiar disposition, needed the guidance of one who understood her well. Proud and haughty by nature, she would have been a tyrant had she not lived with those whom she respected and loved, whose intellectual as well as moral superiority she was compelled to acknowledge. With a warm enthusiastic temperament, she loved the few to whom she gave her affection with passionate devotion, and by this love she could be guided like a little child. Mrs Wentworth and myself alone possessed this power over Amy, and to her I gratefully confided my treasure.

It so happened that my friends had been applied to a few weeks before to find a governess for two little girls whose mother, from delicacy of health, was obliged to give up the charge of their education. The situation promised many advantages, and I thankfully accepted it. My hardest task still remained. As yet, Amy was ignorant of my design. I knew that she would oppose it with vehemence; her pride would rebel against the idea of her sister's becoming a governess; while her generous nature would shrink from the thought that, while she remained idle, I was labouring for her advantage. It was long before I could make her listen patiently to my reasons: she clung to me, and with passionate sobs intreated me not to 'degrade' myself—to stay with her. Finding arguments fail, I determined to appeal to her feelings, and gently told her that, by such conduct, she rendered my task doubly difficult; that without her assistance I did not feel equal to the duty that lay before me; that she must try to help me to do that which I was sure her better judgment would show her to be right. She looked wistfully at me through her tears, and struck with the calm sadness of my manner, 'Fanny,' she said, 'I am very selfish. While you are thinking only of me, I am making you more unhappy. Kind sister! teach me to be like you; teach me how I may help you, and you shall not find me ungrateful or unworthy of all your goodness.' I then explained to her the various reasons that rendered the step necessary; to which she gradually yielded her assent, ever repeating, however, that when she was old enough, she would work for me; to which I answered, we would then work together. This thought seemed to cheer her, and she soon regained her wonted gaiety.

I will not dwell upon our parting, nor detail the many trials that awaited me in my new abode. I am sure that it was the desire of the whole family amongst whom I now became domesticated to be kind and considerate; but none except those who have tried this mode of life can know the lonely feelings that attend it. To exchange a happy home, in which I had been the loved and honoured mistress, for the chill and enforced courtesy of strangers, was painful enough; but more than all did I suffer from the contrast between my pupils and my darling Amy. At first, it seemed all labour in vain to endeavour to influence these wild and giddy creatures, and often have I wept to think how little success attended my utmost efforts. I was, however, but a novice in the work of education; and had yet to learn, that before the seed-time comes, the ground must be weeded and tilled, or the harvest will fail. I have lived to see my dear pupils grow into sensible and refined women, and to bless God that I did not abandon my task as hopeless.

The neighbourhood in which Sir William Monkton's residence was situated was peculiarly devoid of society, and Lady Monkton's health rendered all formal visiting impossible: the monotony of our life was therefore seldom broken in upon, except by intercourse with the curate of the parish, who was a frequent and ever-welcome guest. He was one of those rarely-endowed beings whom it is a privilege to know, whose presence exerts

a powerful
graceful
the extern
He devote
profession
talent, eve
the duties
the poor
leave his
versation
company
guar and
Monkton,
his lips a
into joy:
companio
favourite
ville when
day after
best supp
aided and
by alway
actions, t
subservie
God. H
endeavour
sight of
while he
to new a
the high
course b
scarcely
more, I
heard m
bestow
choice;
know li
which f
ter. I
school
glare, e
of wom
unfrequ
tious ai
the bre
already
ere cha
I walk
Let
from a
subsequ
him.
ence th
world's
me wa
when,
felt th
love.
I he
family
dear si
prise
mind,
lighted
lovelin
menta
give.
grace
breath
to con
time
these
from
expre
now j
invite
accept
came

a powerful influence on all around him; one whose graceful manners and gentlemanly deportment are but the external signs of a pure heart and a cultivated mind. He devoted himself, with heart and soul, to the high profession which had been his early choice; every talent, every energy was absorbed in the fulfilment of the duties it imposed upon him. He was idolised by the poor, while the rich and educated never failed to leave his society the better for his cheerful, earnest conversation and unostentatious piety. At Monkstown his company was welcome to all: in the weary hours of languor and suffering which composed the life of poor Lady Monkton, his presence cheered and supported her; from his lips she learned lessons which turned her sorrow into joy: to Sir William he was a frank and intelligent companion; while his playful humour rendered him a favourite with the little girls. Such was Herbert Somerville when I first became acquainted with him. I saw him day after day, and soon found in his kind sympathy the best support under the trials of my new position. He aided and encouraged my efforts to fulfil its duties, and by always setting before me the purest motives for my actions, made me feel that even Amy's welfare must be subservient to the higher desire of doing the will of God. He taught me to look for happiness alone in the endeavour to do what is right and well-pleasing in the sight of Him who searches the hearts of men; and while he thus elevated my moral nature, he led me on to new and vigorous mental efforts, by opening to me the higher walks of science and literature. Our intercourse became more and more intimate; and it will scarcely be matter of surprise that, as I esteemed him more, I unconsciously learned to love him. I have heard many people call it unmanly in a girl thus to bestow her affection unsolicited by the object of her choice; but it seems to me that those who so condemn know little of the innocence and singleness of mind which form that peculiar charm of the female character. I do not speak of those who are trained in the school of the world—who, living amidst its artificial glare, early imbibe a spirit foreign to the native purity of woman—but of the many who walk along the calm, unfrequented paths of life, ignorant alike of the ambitious aims and heartless vices of the world beyond. In the breast of such, love springs unconsciously, and has already grown to be the master-passion of her nature ere chance betrays it to herself. Thus it was with me: I walked beside an abyss, heedless of danger.

Let me, before proceeding further, exculpate Herbert from all blame, which others, in compassion for my subsequent sufferings, may feel disposed to attribute to him. He never, by word or look, showed me a preference that could have misled one better versed in the world's ways than I was. His affectionate interest in me was such as a brother feels for a dear sister; and when, taught by experience, I retraced his actions, I felt that his kindness sprang from friendship, not from love.

I had resided five years in Sir William Monkton's family, during which time I had frequently visited my dear sister. Each time I saw her, I felt increased surprise and delight at the progress I perceived in her mind, as well as at her surpassing beauty. Her face, lighted by the lamp within, beamed with a radiant loveliness, which nothing but the rare union of high mental power with the gentler virtues of the heart can give. Her form was instinct with grace—that native grace which emanates from a pure and lofty soul, and breathes in every gesture. She was indeed a creature to command the highest admiration, and at the same time win her way to all hearts. On my return from these visits to Mrs Wentworth, I could not refrain from speaking to my pupils of Amy. They had often expressed a strong desire to see her. Lady Monkton now joined in the wish, and at her request I wrote to invite my darling sister to Monkstown. She joyfully accepted the invitation so kindly given, and soon became the favourite of the house. Never did a mother

watch a child with more proud delight than I followed this gay and joyous being, as she moved along, attracting universal admiration.

It was not long before I saw one eye bent upon her with such an earnest gaze that I started as I beheld it. How could it be? I had eagerly desired that Herbert should see my Amy—should admire and love her: it had seemed the one thing needful to my happiness that these two should know and love each other. As day by day passed on, I felt increasing disquietude; my eye restlessly followed Amy whenever Herbert approached her; and a chill sensation crept through me as I saw him pay her those nameless attentions which bespeak the existence of love. Amy's manner of receiving them proved to me how well she appreciated Herbert's noble qualities of mind and heart: I saw that they already loved, and my reason told me they were worthy of each other. Suddenly the truth was revealed: I discovered in the same moment that I too loved, and that he whose priceless heart I would have died to win, already loved another—that other, my own sister Amy. In the stillness of the night did my soul vent its bitter anguish: the first wild burst of grief had subsided, the tumult of feelings too fearful to be dwelt on had been appeased, and my father's voice again, in the deep silence of that midnight hour, sounded in my ears, 'Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own.' Alas! alas! the moment was come in which I could only insure her happiness by the sacrifice of my dearest earthly hopes. 'Yes, father!' I exclaimed, 'with God's help I will redeem my pledge;' and falling on my knees, I poured forth my soul in prayer and supplication for wisdom and strength to fulfil the arduous task imposed upon me.

With renewed powers I now began to survey the position I held. One comfort I had—that no one ever suspected the love I had cherished in secret: it must be my first object so to control my feelings, that none might ever guess the sacrifice I must make. I trembled to think of the watchfulness it would require to veil my heart's secret from Amy—from her who had ever read my soul, and from whom no thought had been concealed. I foresaw that I should become the confidant of both parties, and I nerved myself for the task. If I could once see them happily united, I thought I should then have rest; but how to meet the suffering which lay between this time and that which would see the sacrifice accomplished! Amidst such reflections I passed the night; the morning with its cold gray light dawned in the east; the time for action was approaching. I could not feign illness, for what illness would have kept my faithful Amy from my side? and it was her searching glance I now shrank from encountering. Sweet, innocent, guileless Amy! Happy in the first consciousness of being loved, she was less alive to any change in me than she would otherwise have been; and thus I was spared many a pang. I do not shrink from the avowal that at times my courage failed: there were moments when the effort of concealment seemed too great for me, when I longed to lay my burden down at their feet and die. My hope in life, or aught it could bring me, was dead. Amy no longer required me; she had found in Herbert a friend and guide whose love was more to her than mine; and though she would indignantly have spurned the idea, yet I felt that my work was done. I have lived to see that this was but a morbid, selfish feeling. The work of life to one earnestly resolved to do his duty can never end; and at this moment while I write, though age has dimmed my sight, and left me helpless and alone as far as the severance of earthly ties can leave us so, yet do I wait in patient hope of still further usefulness to my fellow-creatures. God spares the withered tree with wise design; let us not mar it by our selfish murmurings.

In a few months Amy and Herbert were betrothed. From the moment in which I first became aware of their mutual attachment, I never wished it otherwise. I laboured to promote their happiness; I listened to

the outpourings of these two hearts devoted to each other; I strove to awaken in Amy's sanguine nature a due sense of the cares and responsibilities she was taking upon herself; taught her to perceive the finer shades of beauty which lay beneath the reserve of Herbert's nature; tutored my mind once more to listen to her praises from his lips without a shudder; and learned, after many struggles, to live for them alone.

At length the day arrived on which I was to give up all claim to Amy, and resign her to a husband's care. The habit of self-command had, by hourly practice, become so strong, that I did not flinch even at this most trying time. The wedding was to take place from the house of our beloved friend Mrs Wentworth, who in this, as in all former events of our lives, acted a mother's part to us. The morning of the important day dawned brightly. I assisted my beautiful Amy to array herself in her simple bridal attire, and led her down to her expecting friends. My heart was proud of my lovely sister; and happy in her joy, I forgot myself. I placed her hand in Herbert's, and with a firm voice said, 'Herbert, I give to your charge my dearest earthly treasure; love and cherish her, as I have done.' The ceremony was performed by our kind friend Mr Wentworth, and we returned to the parsonage to breakfast. While I could look on Amy's happy beaming face, it was easy to bear up; but the time of separation came. I saw them depart, and watched the carriage that bore them away with apparent calmness. When it was out of sight, I hurried to my own room; but ere I reached the door, fell heavily to the ground.

Months passed, and still Mrs Wentworth devised new excuses for keeping me near her. But my pupils had waited for me: Sir William and Lady Monkton, with a kindness unparalleled, refused to fill up my place; and at length I returned to their hospitable house, and resumed my former duties. Herbert and Amy had pleaded eloquently that I should live with them; but this I firmly, though gently resisted. It was a source of heartfelt joy to think of them, to visit them occasionally; but hourly to have witnessed their domestic happiness, would as yet have been a martyrdom. I continued to live for many years at Monkstown, until the marriage of my two pupils left me no pretext for a longer residence there. Lady Monkton's sufferings had ended in a calm and peaceful death soon after my return from Amy's wedding; and though Sir William would have placed me at the head of his house, and given me the honourable title of his wife, my heart too decidedly rejected the thought of marriage to allow me to hesitate for a moment. I declined his proposal, but retained his friendship.

Amy had four lovely children; and conscious of my own strength, I now gladly consented to become the inmate of their home. Years had changed my feelings; Herbert was to me no more than the husband of my beloved Amy—my own kind brother. Their children became my own in heart; I loved them, and devoted myself to their education with an energy I had thought lost to me for ever. People often wondered why Miss Jerminham never married, and prophesied that I should yet renounce my self-imposed duties as maiden aunt; but time rolled on, and found me at my post, still zealously and happily employed.

God has lengthened my days beyond the usual span allotted to man. I have survived all my race; I have wept over the graves of the young and the old, as they one by one fell from my side. Some were taken in full maturity; others dropped like blossoms from the tree. But death cannot separate the hearts that truly love. There is a world beyond the tomb where my beloved ones wait for me; there I shall rejoice the spirits that are gone before me—parents, sister, brothers, adopted children of my love, friends—I shall see you all! And now, while I linger here, the thought that the secret of my heart was faithfully kept, my pledge to my father redeemed, and Amy's happiness secured, will gladden my few remaining days. Let those who would be happy

themselves, learn that the only means of attaining their end is to devote themselves heart and soul, without the smallest reservation for the idol self, to the welfare and happiness of others.

THE SCOTTISH PARISH SCHOOLS.

AMIDST the discussions which have lately ensued on the subject of national education—some arguing for a state endowment, and others as strenuously representing its impolicy—it is somewhat strange that none of the belligerents has attempted to draw any distinct and practical conclusions from the Scottish parochial system of instruction. For a century and a half, Scotland has had a state-endowed national education; and it would go far to settle the question as regards England, if we could ascertain how the Scottish system has wrought. Nothing can be more easy than to make this investigation.

At the Reformation, there was a clean sweep of the whole ecclesiastical and educational institutions. The mob pulled down the abbeys and churches, and the landed gentry and crown got the revenues of the incumbents. Knox included the institution of parish schools, as well as kirks, in his schemes of renovation; but he made little progress in his designs, because the holders of the church revenues foresaw that they would be called on to support the teachers. James VI, in 1616, while Episcopacy was the established form of religion, enacted that there should be parish schools. Charles I, in 1633, ratified this enactment: still nothing was done. The landed gentry were too powerful for the Stuarts. The institution of parish schools was not effected till 1646, when the Convention enforced the establishment of an elementary school in every parish; enjoining that two-thirds of the salaries of the teachers should be paid by the landlords, and one-third by the tenants. From this epoch might have been dated the general establishment of schools, had the Restoration not intervened. When Charles II ascended the throne, all the acts of the Convention were rescinded, and among others that on education. From this time, all was confusion in Scotland till the Revolution, when a vigorous and rational policy was substituted for misrule. The old laws relative to parish schools were now discussed; and in 1696, an act of the Scottish parliament was passed, ordaining the appointment of a school in every parish, and compelling the expenses to be borne by the heritors (landed proprietors). The new Presbyterian clergy, to whom had been given the power of supervising education by a previous act of 1693, warmly espoused this arrangement. From 1696, therefore, every parish in Scotland (a few in burghs excepted), to the number of about a thousand, has had a school for elementary education. Such is a very brief outline of the efforts to establish a national system of instruction in this portion of the United Kingdom. It is interesting to observe that even as early as the Reformation the subject was agitated: it was agitated from time to time afterwards, over a space of a hundred and forty years; nor did the agitation cease till it was finally successful in its object. What, therefore, is but a modern and spasmodic movement in England, assumed a determinate character in Scotland nearly three centuries ago.

Since 1696, various acts of parliament have been passed, tending to improve the condition of the parish schoolmasters as respects house and salary; the burdens being continued, as they originally were imposed, on the heritors. At present, the minimum annual salary is

L.25, 13s.
fees, how
with the
her of t
L.50 pe
worth s
can sca
parliam
more th
almost
have b
educat
order o
cottage
the sch
derive
riages,
kirk-sc
form n
prohibi
cation
a view
scanty
he ena
relinqu
The
nature
heritor
an exa
presby
numbe
vision
books
slippe
herito
Thoug
lute a
part
the s
pendi
no off
alter
may
undue
is th
many
propo
which
Conf
school
a tes
of th
sive
wide
The
the i
atten
a-qu
mea
from
une:
'has
littl
sion
have
*
aver
mun
or fe

L.25, 13s. 4d., and the maximum L.34, 4s. 4d.* School fees, however, within regulated bounds, are taken; and, with the endowment and fees together, a large number of the schoolmasters may be said to realise about L.50 per annum. The house and garden, to be sure, are worth something—perhaps L.8 or L.10 yearly: more it can scarcely be; for by a stupid blunder in the act of parliament, the schoolmaster's house is 'to consist of not more than two apartments, including a kitchen.' It is almost needless to say that the word *more* ought to have been *less*—a serious error for the unfortunate educators, for it confines them, in many instances, to an order of dwellings little removed in character above the cottages of the peasantry. Besides these emoluments, the schoolmasters, in the greater number of parishes, derive certain fees from the registration of births, marriages, &c.; but all such employments as clerk to the kirk-session, distribution of poor funds, and the like, form no part of their statutory duties, and ought to be prohibited, as distracting attention from the higher vocation of a teacher. They are generally conferred with a view to eke out an income which all admit to be too scanty; and we are sure the intelligent teacher, were he enabled to '*live by his calling*,' would be the first to relinquish them.

The appointment of the schoolmaster, as well as the nature and amount of his qualifications, rests with the heritors; but previous to settlement, he requires to pass an examination before the established clergymen of the presbytery, and subscribe the Confession of Faith. For a number of years, the appointment, as well as the supervision of the teachers, and likewise the prescription of books and routine of instruction, may be said to have slipped in a great measure out of the hands of the heritors, and come under the authority of the clergy. Though originally and legally a civil institution, a resolute attempt has been made to render the parish schools part of the ecclesiastical establishment; as if, in fact, the school of each parish were nothing more than a pendicle of the church. It is only necessary to say that no officious interference of the clergy can substantially alter the character of the institution, however much it may limit its usefulness. The only valid excuse for the undue clerical rule to which the schools are exposed, is the frequent neglect or indifference of the heritors, many of whom, being habitual absentees, can give no proper attention to the social condition of the parish in which their property lies. The obligation to sign the Confession of Faith still further tends to bring the schools under the domination of the clergy. Acting as a test, it limits the appointment of teachers to members of the Established Church, and thus imparts an exclusive and sectarian character to what ought to be of the widest application.

The education conferred by the parish schools is for the most part strictly elementary; but as the fees for attendance are very moderate—usually from 2s. to 3s. a-quarter—no one need complain of being without the means of instruction, such as it is, for his family. Both from the universal diffusion of the schools, and their unexpensiveness, 'education,' as Dr Chalmers observes, 'has been visibly obtruded on the notice of every little vicinity; and had it not been for this aggression upon them from without, the people would have felt no impulse towards education from within,

and so would have stood fast in their primeval ignorance.' There can, indeed, be little doubt that to the establishment of parish schools the Scotch are primarily indebted for the taste for education which now generally prevails amongst them. An institution of a humble kind has aroused faculties which might have been otherwise dormant, and laid the foundation of that social order and prosperity for which this part of the United Kingdom is fortunately distinguished. The advantages of the parish schools are perhaps most visible among the rural population. All are able to read and write. Every man and woman can at least peruse their Bible, and sign their name—accomplishments still comparatively rare among the peasantry of England. So far, therefore, the parish school system of Scotland has wrought well. Endowed by the state, and propped up by state functionaries, it cannot be said that it has in any respect fostered a spirit of suberviency, or cramped the nobler desires of the people. To say anything of the kind, would be to give the parish schools credit for infinitely more energy and purpose than they have ever possessed. Confining themselves to a humble species of technical learning, there they rest, or only go the length of inspiring higher tastes than they can adequately satisfy.

The truth is, the Scottish parish schools, as they now exist, are an institution of the past—they have had their day. Neglected by heritors, curbed by ecclesiastical superiors, and without a vestige of popular government, they have become an antiquated and effete thing. Society has shot far a-head of them; and though the teachers as a body have greatly advanced in point of acquirements within the last twenty years, yet so inadequate is their remuneration, and the machinery at their command, that they are either compelled to forego their schemes of improvement, or to seek for situations beyond the pale of the Parochial System. Schools of a much superior kind, supported principally by fees from pupils, have been almost everywhere established. Some years ago, it was found, on investigation, that the parish schools did not instruct above from a fourth to a fifth of all the children receiving education in the country, the great majority being educated in other schools; and since that period, we have no doubt the proportion has greatly diminished.

Other causes besides meagreness of instruction have conspired to ruin the reputation of the parish schools. The most fatal of these has been their sectarian character. When instituted in 1696, nearly the whole people belonged to the established Presbyterian church; and to prevent 'papists and prelatists'—the bugbears of the day—from becoming teachers, a religious test was instituted. As long as the kirk was the only communion of any importance, no objection was taken to the test, or to the general scope of the instruction. With dissent, new feelings arose. The kirk, during the last hundred years, has suffered some half-dozen secessions—parties dissatisfied on points of church government—and these have latterly become so important in point of numbers and spirit of resistance, that the kirk may be said to be at present struggling for existence. As the test for teachers includes an obligation to support the established church, it of course not only excludes candidates from among a vast body of the people, but provokes the erection of schools by dissenters. From this cause alone the parish schools have gradually lost much of their hold on popular affection. Another circumstance has materially helped to injure their usefulness. Whether from the want of legal powers in superiors, want of funds to allow of retiring salaries, or general want of energy, many schools are afflicted with teachers incompetent, from age or infirmities, to execute their duties in a suitable manner. The removal of a schoolmaster from physical or moral imperfections is a rare event. We happen to know of a case in which a teacher, who

* The salary is regulated every quarter of a century by the average *flar-price* of grain during that period; so that the minimum and maximum above given are periodically liable to a rise or fall as the case may be.

frequently presented the spectacle of a drunkard to his pupils, lived unchallenged, and died in his vocation.

Attempts have in different places been made to improve the character of parish schools by special endowments and otherwise. The largest bequest is that of a person of the name of Dick: it amounts to upwards of £4000 per annum, and was made for the maintenance and assistance of the country parochial schoolmasters of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray: the money was directed to be applied in addition to the contributions of the heritors, and in such a way as to encourage active schoolmasters, and elevate the literary character of the schools. To some extent this bequest has acted beneficially; but as the old government of the schools remains unchanged, with the addition of a special regulation far from generally palatable to the teachers interested, it has not effected the degree of improvement which a broad national principle would have enforced. Efforts, bold and intelligent, directed to the renovation of single schools, have usually been as unsuccessful. In vain has benevolence showered her gifts on a favoured institution. It has been found impossible for teacher or patron to enlarge courses of instruction which may any day be brought back, by clerical interference, to the narrow routine which squared with the notions of our grandfathers. We know of no task more preposterous and ungracious than the attempt to improve the Scottish parish schools, without reorganising them on an entirely new footing. With a view to elevating the position of the teachers, government, we understand, proposes to supplement their salaries from the national exchequer. We would earnestly deprecate a step of this kind, unless the existing test were at the same time abolished, and the government of the schools thoroughly reformed. To give an additional endowment in present circumstances would, in Scotland, be considered equivalent to endowing the schools of a sect—a sect which assumes the guise of nationality; while at the same time it would perpetuate abuse, and render subsequent reform a matter of extreme difficulty.

It is much to be feared that government lacks the knowledge and energy to deal with this important question on the scale it deserves; and it is also doubtful if Scotland has representatives in parliament willing or able to point out the true course to be followed. Hitherto, the Scottish members have been scandalously neglectful of this great subject, allowing one of the most admirable institutions of the country to dwindle into comparative insignificance. Now is the time to remind representatives of their duty. The Scottish parish schools ought not to be sacrificed by neglect, but be made the basis of a far grander and more widely-applicable institution.

Before pointing out what we consider to be the reforms desirable in the parish schools, it may be useful to recur to what should constitute the true principles of national education. These may be stated almost in a word. The state, as a matter of duty and expediency, is bound to provide means for educating the whole people. In justice, it must educate either the whole or none; for the whole contribute equally to the national purse. Elementary education consists of two things—secular and religious instruction. The two should go together, so that the child may grow up with a full consciousness of his duty to God as well as to his neighbour. As there are widely different sects, however, it would not always be practicable to impart religious in the same classes with secular instruction; and therefore there must be a division to a certain extent. From the example shown by other countries in precisely analogous circumstances, it would be quite possible, and certainly advisable, to put the secular instruction into the hands of the appointed teachers, and to leave the religious part to parents, or the pastors of those congregations to which the children respectively belong—with the exception of such elementary religious instruction as would be approved of by the parishioners:

to this extent religion might be taught by schoolmasters. All that is desirable and proper, therefore, is, for the state to pay only for the erection and support of school-houses, and for the secular branches of education. With respect to the religious culture, its cost, if anything, will be cheerfully liquidated by the religious bodies to which the parents of the children are attached. Whether the funds requisite for conducting the schools should be contributed immediately from the national exchequer, or partly raised from local and general assessment, is a point of detail that admits of consideration, and which it would not be difficult to settle. Our own opinion inclines to local assessment, at least in part, and also to local administration, subject, nevertheless, to general supervision and control. In all countries where a national system of education has been instituted, there exist a head and departmental boards; and without some such machinery in this country, it is difficult to see how a universally applicable system of instruction could be carried on.

Such are our views as to national education, expressed in as few words as possible. These views are not new. They are the result not only of long consideration, but of personal investigations into methods of school instruction in now nearly all the countries of Europe. Ten years ago, we saw a system such as we have figured working beautifully in Holland; and it is no little happiness to find that the sentiments we promulgated (1838), in describing the national education of that country, have since been embraced by men of widely-differing persuasions in both England and Scotland. We, in fact, from all things around us, feel assured that no other system than such as has been indicated will be practicable, or carry with it the public esteem. The time has gone by for endowing the schools of sects. Any such plan is the mere make-shift of men incapable of appreciating public feeling, or who lack the courage to bring forward, and adhere to, a project for sound national education.

Why, it may possibly be asked, should we not be contented to see sectarian schools endowed, as is at present proposed by the Committee of Privy Council, in lieu of what they assume to be impracticable as respects a national system? All who are disposed to think seriously on the subject, must reject a compromise of this kind. Laying out of view the inviolability of some sects receiving, and others rejecting, the national bounty, is it no small matter to endow and perpetuate distinctions which, it is to be hoped, if left to themselves, will by and by subside? Christianity is at present in a condition of working towards purity and unity through the conflicts of contending opinions. Why, then, do anything to exasperate and prolong divisions? Why endow a multitude of separate sects which, in the progress of society, will coalesce and disappear? But there is perhaps a still more serious ground of objection. It is of the first consequence that the children of a parish, town, or district, should all attend one school, and be reared in kindly intercourse with each other. This can be achieved only by a national system of instruction. Already, by the erection of sectarian schools—provoked into existence by exclusive tests—a very serious evil has been done, the seeds of much future strife and enmity having been sown. And we can well foresee how greatly intestine dissensions would be aggravated by extending the means which keep alive so unholy a course of procedure.

Entering into the spirit of these observations, the plan for improving the parish schools of Scotland is exceedingly apparent. 1. The test must be abolished, and the office of teacher thrown open to general competition; 2. Teachers should receive a respectable salary, varying in amount, however, according to capacity and extent of duties—say from £50 to £100, independently of the fees, which they would be entitled to exact; 3. The government and supervision of the schools should be reposed in a general board, and also in local boards, elected wholly or in part by rate-payers; 4. District

schools in towns, and in populous rural parishes, to be embraced in the general system; 5. The expense of the schools to be borne by general local assessment on all property, along with contributions from the state, as might be agreed on; 6. With respect to religious school instruction, Scotland happens to be favourably situated. By far the larger proportion of the people are Presbyterians, who, however differing on points of church government, agree as to religious doctrines and formula; and therefore, except in a few parishes and districts, there would most likely be no dispute on this subject. Wherever there was any difference of opinion, the plan of separate religious instruction could easily and satisfactorily be arranged. Of other parts of the organisation, including normal schools, it is unnecessary to speak. We confine ourselves to the general features of a plan which must sooner or later be resorted to, if the parish schools are to be brought into harmony with the age—if dissensions are to be appeased, and the cause of social melioration advanced.

Oh for the return of days of vigorous statesmanship, when there were courage and manliness to propose and adhere to measures which the conscience suggested as being in accordance with truth and justice! Oh for an end to the days of sham and of unprincipled make-shift expediency!

W. C.

THE CHIFFONNIER OF PARIS.†

THE chiffonnier of Paris differs in national and individual qualities from the street-grubber of London, though earning his bread in a not very dissimilar manner. In one respect both are alike: their trade is easily begun, nor is it usually commenced till everything else has failed. When the victimised Parisian finds himself without character and without resources, he wants but half-a-dozen francs in his pocket to provide himself with a back basket and an iron-pointed crotchet or rake, to begin the world anew, and embark in an independent profession. Once equipped as a chiffonnier, he has no sooner familiarised himself to the ignominy of this wretched trade, than, having adopted it by necessity, he continues it by inclination. He finds a charm and a recompense in his nomadic existence, in his endless wanderings, in his vagabond independence, and indulges a profound contempt for the slaves who shut themselves up from morning to night in a workshop or behind a counter. Let them, mere machines of others, regulate the employment of time by the hands of the dial; he, the chiffonnier, the philosopher, works when it pleases him, and rests when he chooses, without thought for the night or care for the morrow. If the east wind freezes him, he warms his blood with a dram; if the heat incommodes him, he doffs his harness and his tattered frock, stretches himself in the shade, and goes to sleep. Is he hungry—he can soon earn a few sous, and feasts, like Lucullus, upon a crusty loaf and sour cheese. Is he sick—what matter? 'The hospital,' says he, 'was not invented for dogs.'

The victim of every privation, the chiffonnier is proud, because he believes himself free. He treats with haughtiness even the rag-merchant himself, to whom he carries the harvest of the day, and from whom he is in the habit of receiving from time to time a slender advance upon that of the morrow. He gives himself the airs of a patron; and declares that if the dealer does him less than justice, he will transfer his commodities to a rival. His pride is visible through the multiplied fissures of his tattered vesture.

The rag-merchant is the able alchemist who transmutes into gold the offal and refuse of the streets; and

with the proceeds of rejected rags and putrefying bones, speculates in the rise and fall of stock. He receives the chiffonniers in a fetid and filthy shed, and his fashionable friends in an elegant saloon. His place of business is hideous beyond description, incumbered with the most disgusting impurities, masses of the foulest tatters, rotten planks, and decaying anatomies that infect the air, the whole brought thither by beings of an aspect scarcely human, and weighed in balances of a formidable and grotesque appearance, under the surveillance of a noisy, quarrelling, and decrepit shrew. But if we pass beyond this forbidding vestibule, and penetrate into the private apartments of the merchant chiffonnier, we shall encounter the usual pomp and appendages of civic luxury—the gilt and gorgeous *pendule*, the collection of showy pictures and prints, the bronze bust of the emperor, the sideboard loaded with crystal and porcelain, and the grand pianoforte of madame or mademoiselle, the latter a well-educated and accomplished lass, the wretched heiress of no scanty hoard. We could mention the name of one of this fraternity, living at present in the Rue Jean Tison, who gave at the marriage of each of his two daughters a dowry of sixty thousand francs.

If the wholesale dealers realise such gains, it is plain, considering the nature of their merchandise, that but little is left for the actual chiffonnier; in fact the most industrious among them seldom get more than three or four francs a-day. These are they who, in defiance of a regulation yet in force, that of the 26th July 1777, perambulate the streets during the night. The chiffonniers, like the moths, are composed of two races—the diurnal, and the nocturnal; and these latter, commencing their peregrinations at the moment when the street-sweepers retire to rest, have the best chance of some fortunate discovery. They adopt certain favourite quarters, generally giving the preference to the Faubourg Saint Germain, the Chaussée d'Antin, the Faubourg Saint Honoré, abounding in noble residences of the most opulent classes. Constantly attending the same circuit, they become known to the household servants, and particularly the cooks, from whom they receive occasional contributions from the larder, engaging in return to restore any lost article of value which they may discover in their researches among the offal of the establishment. Once established and recognised in a certain beat, they begin to derive an income from other sources than their professed occupation. Lazy and sleepy subjects, whom fortune has condemned to rise early in the morning, fee them to break their slumbers. We have the honour to know a chiffonnier who goes every morning from Mount Sainte Genevieve to the Assomption to knock at the doors of a grocer, a confectioner, and a wine-seller. This commission brings him in thirty centimes, each party paying him ten (or one penny) per day; an amount which this thrifty economist informs us defrays three-fourths of his expenses for lodging.

The day practitioner does not consider himself barred from social pleasures. He will be found at the barriers, on Sundays and holidays, dancing and drinking with his wife; and he patronises the drama when the piece is to his mind—tender, touching, sentimental, and interesting; such as *Lazare le Père*, *Grace de Dieu*, or *Paul et Virginie*, or any other of the class, where, above all other recommendations, *the traitor is punished in the last scene*.

Whatever his prosperity, the chiffonnier has never any furniture of his own; he sleeps in furnished lodgings, at the settled price of twenty centimes a-night, which the mistrustful proprietors generally exact in advance—'Twopence down, or you don't lodge here.' The individual who can disburse, throws himself, without quitting his rags, upon a straw mattress. In these dismal chambers, open to all the miserable offspring of poverty and crime, the common bed is a long sloping plank, and the common coverlet a remnant of decayed carpeting, nailed to the wall at one side of the room,

* We refrain from complicating the question by any reference to church property—which is essentially public property—now in the hands of the heritors. Whether that property, at least in part, should be devoted to purposes of education, will not escape consideration when the subject comes fairly before the country.

† The principal particulars in this paper are gathered from an article on the subject in a French work, purporting to describe the humbler trades of Paris.

and fastened with hooks at the other. Should any quarrel arise in the night among these 'strange bed-fellows,' the keeper of the den makes his appearance, armed with a long and portentous bludgeon, and by angry threats, or the application of his weapon, seldom fails to reduce to order the refractory party.

In such squalid resorts the chiffonniers often come in contact with robbers, of whom they involuntarily become the passive accomplices. They are not expected to take part in the crime; but to reveal the mystery of a criminal enterprise, would be to devote themselves to the implacable vengeance of the gang. An old chiffonnier, suspected of having betrayed two thieves, was found one morning assassinated at the corner of a court. The murderers had surprised him at early dawn; they had severed his head from his body, and, by an atrocious refinement of barbarity, had thrown it into his basket.

The chiffonniers, both male and female, talk slang; the general dialect of thieves, it would seem, in all countries, though not exclusively confined to them. The class under consideration have nevertheless a general character for integrity, which they could never have earned, much less maintained, but by repeated acts of honesty and disinterestedness. Restorations of recovered property are frequent among them, of which we could relate numerous instances. On the 11th of October 1841, the widow Boursin, an old chiffonnière of the Rue Mouffetard, well known in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, discovered in a mass of rubbish a diamond shirt-button of considerable value. She occupied the whole day in going from house to house before she found the owner, to whom she immediately restored his property, demanding the price of her day's labour, and refusing all further reward. We should also make honourable mention of Père M—, an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, a chiffonnier, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour. This veteran had two orphan grandchildren left to his charge: he dedicated his pension to the purposes of their education and establishment; and mounting the basket and crotchet on the shoulders so long familiar with the knapsack and gun, sought his own subsistence in the offal of the streets. For this he is held in honour among the tribe, who duly appreciate his virtue and self-denial.

Perhaps the worst characteristic of this class is their love of strife and tumult, which shows itself in a perpetual inclination to quarrel with one another, and with all the world. In every popular outbreak, they are the first to commence deeds of violence, and the last to be reduced to order. The most stable government has trembled to its base at the mad outcries of the chiffonniers, when, at the head of a torrent of the wan and haggard population of the faubourgs, they have rushed upon the wealthy quarters of the city. The cause of terror is not the apprehension of pillage, but of the overthrow and destruction of the whole social fabric. They feel how feeble are the regulations of public order against an army of insurgents who have nothing to lose.

In quiet times, the chiffonniers make war only on the domestic animals—the dogs and cats, whose carcasses they sell to the knacker. A mastiff fetches from thirty to forty sous; a dog of average size from five to ten; a cat four sous in summer, and eight in winter. The fat of the cat is used by the 'tondeur,' or dog-barber, a trade peculiar to Paris; and dogs' foot oil is in continual request among the various craftsmen of the capital. The furriers receive the skins, under whose hands that of the dog becomes the veritable black fox; and the hide of poor puss a genuine zibeline, or sable.

Collateral branches of this delectable profession extend beyond the walls of Paris, and provincial practitioners are to be met with in all the principal towns of the departments: but these are mostly dealers, not doers: the true chiffonnier, such as we have described him—

independent, thoughtless, proud, somewhat honest, thoroughly undisciplined, and '*toujours Fr Français*'—is as essentially Parisian as the Column Vendôme or the Arc de l'Etoile.

A VISIT TO A VEGETABLE GIANT.

In the western part of the island of Java are some relics and remains of a very great and ancient city named Padjajarian. This city was formerly of so magnificent a character, as to have been sung and celebrated in the verses of the poets, and to this day the strains of Wayang tell of its vast extent, of its glorious buildings, and, above all, of the size and majesty of the palace of the kings of Padjajarian. The earthquake and time have swept the city and its inhabitants into a common oblivion, and have left little but the poetry to inform us that there ever existed this glorious and famous city. But one vegetable monument remains behind, which the earthquake might shake, but could not destroy, and which time itself has only strengthened—this is the Vegetable Giant, a visit to which we are now about to describe.

This huge tree, which spreads out its great branches over a large area of ground, formerly overshadowed the royal palace, and was the wonder of the whole city; and now, when palace and city are only constituents of the dust around it, the tree flourishes, and commands the admiration of the traveller, and the adoration of the majority of the Javanese nation. The place where it is found is now known as Batatulis. At its foot is a small wooden structure where a few Mohammedan priests officiate, to whose care is committed the conservancy of this monarch of the forest, and of some supplementary relics, upon the proceeds of the exhibition of which, and on the fees for the attendant religious ceremonies, they contrive to pick up a tolerable livelihood; for the tree is in an odour of sanctity beyond all other trees in the island. Wo and bad success to that miserable peasant who goes to market without paying his adorations and coin at the shrine of the giant tree! Besides this, the fame of the tree has spread far and wide, and many come to behold and wonder, who may pay the customary offerings without adoring the deity of the place. The subsidiary relics consist of some pieces of old Padjajarian tombstones, and a marvellous bit of rock, into which some Hercules of old is said to have set his foot. These are held in equal veneration with the great tree, and their worship is commingled with the services of the mighty vegetable idol which towers above them. The tree stands at no considerable distance from the wayside, and forms an imposing feature of a landscape by no means deficient in grandeur. It is placed upon an elevated plain, and is conspicuous from all sides of it, and attracts the attention of every one even at some distance. So noble is its appearance, so majestic its port, that it has been said if once beheld, it cannot soon be forgotten. Coffee plantations crown the fields and the sides of the hills, offering a striking contrast of feebleness and colossal strength in the vegetable kingdom. Shining rivers, waving rice-fields, woods and mountains, with a fuming volcano in the distance, complete the picture of its situation.

The trunk of the tree is of dimensions so vast, that very many men, by their united hands, cannot embrace it; botanical data do not exist for the determination of its age; the tree is too sacred probably to allow of the requisite steps for that examination. The trunk at first sight almost appears as if it consisted of a number of trees all intimately united together; and from all sides of it huge irregular boughs jut up of all sorts of shapes, and in every direction, while the deep furrows and hollows consequent upon extreme vegetable old age contribute to give the monster a grandeur and awfulness of character not easily conceivable. Perhaps the greatest marvel about the tree is the remarkable fact, that it is actually made up of two trees united into one; and most curious to relate,

two trees of the same genus, but of different species! Both have grown together, so as to form one indivisible trunk of enormous size; but the distinctive features of each species come out in the branches, and appear, even to the eye of the casual observer and untutored savage, in the remarkable difference in the colour of the foliage. At a little distance the spectacle is very peculiar. The leaves of one species are of the most lively and beautiful green, while those of the other are dark green on the upper surface, and a very pale green on the under. The one species has long, slender, drooping branches, adorned with elegant foliage, refreshing even to look upon; from its majestic appearance this kind is commonly planted before the palaces of the Indian princes; its larger branches put forth fascicles of roots, which, instead of descending as they commonly do to the earth, have crept along the aged trunk, wrapped their strong arms around it, and have ultimately blended themselves with its substance. The other species, less graceful in growth, has shorter, more rugged, and lustier branches, and by these and the colour of its leaves was readily distinguished from its twin sister. Below, both were, as it were, fused into one vast mass, mingling its juices and fibres together. The trees both belong to the natural family *Moraceæ*, a race of trees which has given birth to some of the giants of the vegetable world: they are of the genus *Ficus*. This genus is held very sacred in Java, for it is believed the spirits of the departed delight to make their habitation in the grateful shadows of its branches. In this tree, above all others, the manes of the dead are wont to dwell, holding intercourse the one with the other, and propitiated by the services, or exasperated by the neglect, of the relatives and friends they have left behind. Solemn, indeed, therefore was the regard, and deep the religious estimation, in which this monster tree was held by the Javanese.

It was in the latter part of the year 1818 that my visit to this celebrated wonder was made. The visiting party determined on setting out on the expedition before sunrise, which is the pleasantest period for travelling, impelled not merely by the idle curiosity excited by the thousand fables current relative to this marvellous, marvellously-great tree, but instigated by the more praiseworthy desire of ascertaining its scientific character and standing. Since, however, the natives regarded the tree with a superstitious awe of no common intensity, and considered it a heinous degree of sacrilege for a European so much as to break off the smallest branch, it was probable they would resist all botanising attempts upon its sacred boughs, and it became expedient, therefore, to get the authority of the Indian prince then having power in the island to sanction the meditated investigation. This was readily granted, and with it the assistance of a military convoy; and so all started before day-dawn. The route lay for the most part along the military road; and after passing long rows of the huts of the natives, the party at length emerged upon the plain on which the tree stands. Immediately to the right was the vast object of attraction, its aspect imposing in the extreme, which was heightened by the dim shadows of a departing night, still covering hill, valley, mountain, and plain in a dusky mantle of vapour, through which the first beams of the sun were now struggling. Even at this early hour, the belief of the wonderful blessings which were bestowed upon the worshippers who made the proper offerings to the leafy god, had drawn a considerable number of them together, some of whom were lost in contemplation of the green idol, while others were humbly kneeling before the pieces of stone, and the giant's footmark in the bit of rock in the chapel. On perceiving their occupation, the expedition halted, not wishing to disturb their devotions; but these were instantly stopped when the visitors were despatched, the devotees rising from their knees, and quitting the chapel. The priests then approached, and stood near the entrance of the chapel, waiting to learn the purpose of the invaders. They were ad-

ressed by an Indian interpreter, who, after saluting the venerable fathers in the Oriental fashion, gave vent to a long harangue, which stated in a good many words what we may express by a very few. The principal visitor had recently arrived in Java, from the most distant regions of the earth, to examine the plants of the island, and more particularly to make himself acquainted with this venerable and most sacred tree. Their lord the prince, himself a real lineal descendant of the most noble and ancient race of Padjarian kings, having therefore a hereditary right over the tree, on being acquainted with the visitor's intentions, had been pleased to vouchsafe his consent to the expedition, and had given orders that the visitor might cut with his own hand a few of the smallest branches of the sacred tree. It was also intimated that nothing would please the prince more than if the departed spirits who dwelt in the tree would suffer the visitor to remove a few of the precious flowers growing upon it.

This rather startling proposition was attentively listened to by the priests, who seemed puzzled to comprehend its entire import. They held an earnest conference together, and commenced pronouncing in a gentle whisper certain mysterious verses; after which, kindling some rice chaff, they threw upon it a quantity of incense, the smoke of which went up in a dense cloud, and filled the tree with its sweet odours. Every eye was fixed upon the curling wreaths rolling from branch to branch; and when at length the whole mass of the foliage was enveloped in the cloud, the chief-priest, an aged, awful-looking person, stood forth, and after bidding the stranger welcome, proceeded to inform him of the result of their sacrifice. Never had the priests of this most holy tree beheld a better omen in the rise of the sweet-smelling vapours and their dispersion through its branches, than on this happy occasion. The visit of the illustrious stranger was most agreeable to the spirits of the departed; they were most willing to grant his requests, and to give him many additional blessings; while those who with sacrilegious hands should presume to desecrate this holy tree, disease and evil should fall upon and utterly destroy. The great difficulty was thus removed: the full permission of the priests being gained, and the customary offering made at the shrine, the visitor proceeded to scramble in a most irreverent manner up the aged sides and lateral branches of the tree, the priests themselves urging several peasants who were at hand to ascend also, and assist the stranger in collecting what he required. On ascending, words can scarcely describe the scene which presented itself. The tree was clothed all over with elegant flowers and parasitic plants. Orchids, in a multitude of species, crawled up its withered branches, and flung down flowers, and roots, and leaves, in one waving mass of fantastic fragrance and elegance. Lichens scaled up from the dark hollows, while *loranths* sucked the vital juices, and *scrophulariads* covered the branches in a patchwork of brilliant hues. The tree was, in fact, a garden in the air: the rain of ages had washed down into its cavities dead leaves and decaying material, and thus a rich vegetable mould existed in them, which was highly fitted for, and gave exuberant nourishment to, the host of plants which in some inexplicable manner had found their way thither. After remaining in the tree for some time, and fearing to exhaust the patience of the priests, the visitor descended, together with his delighted conductors, bringing down with them a vast collection of flowers from this parterre of nature—if the phrase is not too violent—and even then perceiving, to their regret, that fully half the species had not been gathered by them.

On unfolding their treasures, one little flower especially was found, which was hailed with vast exultation by the peasants and priests. Its petals were of a beautiful rich crimson colour, but the throat of the flower was of the colour of glittering gold. This was the celebrated flower, the possession of which would confer riches and

happiness inconceivable upon the owner. It was a splendid reward, then, for the toil of the amateur collectors to receive a few of these bliss-bestowing flowers; each received his portion with the liveliest joy. The most lovely objects of all, however, were the flowers and fruit of a plant originally discovered by Thunberg, and named the *Fagrea auriculata*. The flowers are very large, of the most magnificent aspect, and quite equalling the very loveliest members of the glorious Indian Flora, and the fruit seems to the eye equally lovely and inviting. This plant, living a half-parasitic kind of life, and also nourished by the decaying soil before-mentioned, pushed aloft its stem and branches in unparalleled luxuriance, marking over the dead boughs of the great parent with charms and a verdure long since departed from themselves. Altogether, the result of this very curious and interesting botanising excursion was the discovery of upwards of thirty-four species of plants living upon the vegetable giant; and it has been said many were even then left behind. After carefully preserving their specimens, and bidding farewell to the priests, the party returned, in no ordinary degree gratified and instructed by their visit to the Vegetable Giant.

It is not right that the name of the visitor should be withheld: it was the illustrious botanist—the author of the ‘Flora Javoe,’ ‘Rumphia,’ and other works of the highest rank—C. L. Blume.

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

IN Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a Company of Skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmen, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other

gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goëthe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland, it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

‘When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapours rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

‘A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

‘At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy’s hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with

the rising
fort open
half-froz
blow.’

TOWARD
dwelt in
rendered
name w
Maria le
born in
age was
the fam
of age,
master’s
devoting
in secret
public
artist v
begged
drawing
request
in the i

This
she cou
and dra
thing v
object
her: if
overcoo
go secr
the gr
specifi
pass h
and ga
imbued
She w
this r
succes
stacles

The
attem
every
her p
advic
her m
her m
she h
she tu

By
ance,
gress
At le
had b
hoped
no on
from
night
years
even
her o
her,
altho
cienc
a gra
a be
The
were
the l
judg
cand
part
cupi
vari
It
this

the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow.

MARIA LA FANTESCA.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, there dwelt in Rome a young girl, whose singular history rendered her an object of universal interest. Her surname was never known, but she was commonly called Maria la Fantesca, or Maria the Servant-girl. She was born in one of the villages near Rome, and at an early age was placed by her parents, who were very poor, in the family of an eminent sculptor. Before she came of age, she had conceived such an admiration of her master's works, that she formed the bold resolution of devoting herself to the study of art; pursuing it at first in secret, but cherishing a hope of one day attaining public success. Maria confided her intentions to an artist who frequently visited her master's studio, and begged of him to give her secretly a few lessons in drawing and modelling: the artist not only granted her request, but induced his friend Dr Corona to aid him in the instruction of the enthusiastic girl.

This first step gained, Maria devoted every moment she could snatch from her household duties to modelling and drawing: she was never idle. To execute something worthy of her master's praise, was the highest object of her ambition. Life had now new charms for her: if her resolution at any time wavered, or she felt overcome by the difficulties of her task, Maria used to go secretly to the Vatican, and there, surrounded by the great works of ancient art, her enthusiasm was speedily rekindled, and her courage revived. She would pass hours together in looking at her favourite statues, and gazing upon them until she felt her mind thoroughly imbued with their beauty. These were her lessons. She was determined not to fail; and as if aware that in this resolution she possessed the surest guarantee of success, she laboured unremittingly, and overcame obstacles which would have daunted a less hopeful spirit.

The pursuit of sculpture as an art has rarely been attempted by a woman, and difficulties met Maria at every step; still she allowed nothing to turn her from her purpose. She listened eagerly to every word of advice and instruction which she chanced to overhear her master giving to his pupils, and treasured all up in her memory; and afterwards, in her quiet hours, when she had time for reflection, or to pursue her studies, she turned this instruction to good account.

By this steady pursuit of her object, by her perseverance, and a careful economy of time, Maria made a progress that astonished the friends who were in her secret. At length she set to work upon a statue, on which she had bestowed long and anxious thought, and which she hoped to render worthy of public exhibition. She told no one of her project; and it was only in hours stolen from her daily duties, or, more frequently, from her nights' rest, that she could prosecute her work. Two years did the energetic girl labour on in secret, unaided even by the voice of encouragement, but supported by her own enthusiasm. At length the statue stood before her, a finished work! It was a statue of Minerva; and although by no means faultless in execution, its deficiencies in finish and proportion were compensated by a grandeur in the attitude and general expression, and a beauty in the features, which seemed almost inspired. The statue was completed; the last finishing touches were given to it; and Maria had it secretly conveyed to the hall in which the exhibition was to take place. The judges appointed to award the prize to the successful candidate were assembled; crowds flocked from all parts of Rome to the Capitol, and every seat was occupied. All were eagerly discussing the merits of the various works of art exhibited.

It so happened that Maria's master was president on this occasion, and it consequently fell to him to crown

with a wreath of laurel the prize work of art selected by the judges. Maria, in her simple servant's dress, unnoticed and unsuspected, had followed in the crowd, and taken her seat in the gallery. With a beating heart she sat watching intently the progress of the ceremony. There was a breathless silence, and the opinion of the judges was at length declared—it was unanimous. Reader, can you imagine the feeling of mingled rapture and amazement which overpowered poor Maria, when she saw her master step forward, and, amidst the deafening applause of the assembled multitude, place the laurel crown upon the head of her Minerva? On every side she heard the praises of the statue, and of the talents of the unknown artist.

Maria returned home, silent and alone; and here a still greater joy, if possible, awaited her. She went back to her ordinary duties, but her face was flushed, and her whole frame fevered with excitement. Presently her master's bell rang, and she obeyed the summons: but when she now entered the room, she could control her emotions no longer. She fell on her knees, and bursting into tears, confessed her secret. Her master looked at her in silent astonishment and admiration, then raising her up, he overpowered her with questions as to the means by which she had attained such proficiency in an art so entirely removed from her sphere of life. Maria humbly and modestly related her story. She told him of the irrepressible desire which first determined her to be a sculptor—the study and labour she had devoted to the art—and all the hopes, the fears, and difficulties which she met and overcame. The good old man listened with deep interest; and embracing the poor girl affectionately, he promised to adopt her as his daughter and his pupil, assuring her that such a beginning augured the brightest success.

Maria's story was soon known throughout Rome, and a universal feeling of interest was awakened in the fate of the self-taught artist. She was courted and flattered, and received into the highest circles, all vying to bestow the greatest honour on Maria la Fantesca; but her joy was no longer the same as that which had animated her in her secret hours of study, when, unknown and uncared for, she laboured on, stimulated only by the love of her pursuit, and the sole companion of her hopes and aspirations. Then, indeed, she had looked forward with rapture; she now looked backward on the past with satisfaction, but not wholly without regret.

Maria's triumph was of short duration: the brilliant star shone but for a moment, and then vanished. Whilst her fame was the universal theme in society at Rome, she was fast fading away. Excitement and over-study had undermined her health, and she fell a victim to a rapid decline. The poor girl had plucked the flower of her hopes, but only to see it wither in her grasp.

KIND WORDS.

They do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind, without thereby pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. Philosophers tell us that the angry words a man uses in his passion are fuel to the flame of his wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why, then, should not words of the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most blessed of all passions of the soul, kindness, be augmented by kind words? People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disincarnating themselves to ill-temper. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They

soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings; and he has to become kind himself. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, spiteful words, silly words, and empty words. Now kind words are better than the whole of them; and it is a pity that, among the improvements of the present age, birds of this feather might not have more of a chance than they have had to spread their wings. Kind words are in danger of being driven from the field, like frightened pigeons, in these days of boisterous words, and warlike words, and passionate words. They have not the bras to stand up, like so many grenadiers, and fight their own way through the throng. Besides, they have been out of use so long, that they hardly know whether they have any right to make their appearance any more in our bustling world; not knowing but that perhaps the world was done with them, and would not like their company any more. Let us welcome them back. We have not done with them. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used. We cannot spare them.—*New York Evangelist.*

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

The boldness of innocence, and the timidity of guilt, so often observed by moralists and poets, may be thus easily accounted for. The virtuous man is conscious of deserving nothing but reward: whom, then, should he fear? The guilty man is conscious of desert of punishment, and is aware that every one who knows of his offence desires to punish him; and as he is never certain but that every one knows it, whom can he trust? And still more, there is with the feeling of desert of punishment, a disposition to submit to punishment, arising from our own self-disapprobation and remorse. This depresses the spirit, and humbles the courage of the offender, far more than even the external circumstances by which he is surrounded. Thus says Solomon, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.'

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just,
And he but naked; though locked up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence, it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market to-morrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process; saving all this useless freight of the 8400 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates!

CURE FOR VAGRANCY IN INDIA.

The following very characteristic order has recently been issued by Sir Charles Napier, and very strongly recalls to mind the stringent laws against vagrancy promulgated in the days of Queen Elizabeth:—'The cantonment of Kurrachee is infested by vagabonds who came with the troops from Bombay. The police and bazaar-master are to arrest all such men as have no ostensible means of earning their

bread, and send them back to the place from whence they came to Scinde. Those who do not belong to Bombay, are to be put to work on the roads for a month, and then liberated for three days; at the end of which time, if they do not find work, they are to be again sent to the road-gangs. There are good wages and plenty of work going on in Scinde! and the lieutenant-general, governor, will not allow vagabonds to be loose on the public to rob industrious people. This order to apply to all the other stations in Scinde.'

POETICAL ANTIDOTES.

Oh sing me a song about love, the fond true love of the olden days,
Of undying faith, of heroic deeds, achieved in those glorious days
When chivalry's laws were omnipotent, and all save honour was given,
To win one sigh from the worshipped one—the sigh that makes earth a heaven!

Oh sing me a song of poesy, gushing forth from fount and rill,
Where nymphs reposed in wild wood shade at noontide bright and still,
Or fairy folk their revels held what time the moon did fling
A silver glare from her pale lamp to light the festive ring.

Oh sing me a song of music's joy when the bursting chorus rose,
And a hundred timbrels and harps of gold awoke that dread repose,
Where the depth profound of the solemn fane re-echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice, heard lone and clear, called on the Lord of Glory!

Oh sing me a song of the sculptor's hall, but in mystic numbers sweet—
For 'tis holy ground! Be still, be hushed—here soul with soul doth meet;
Words but profane this solemn place, where, in wrapt illusion blest,
The weary heart of the world-worn man in the sculptor's hall may rest.

Oh sing me a song of the painter's fame, of that immortal art
Whose talisman calls into life and light the phantoms of the heart;
Before whose idols the people fall, nor dream as they pay their vow,
That 'tis to the genius of godlike man the souls of the vulgar bow!

Oh sing me a song about breathing flowers, and gardens, and happy groves,
Where birds and butterflies rove at will, and a thousand sportive loves;
Wreath roses around the ancient trees, fling coronals in the air—
Ye gems of earth! ye lovely things! so fading, frail, and fair!

Of nature oh sing! of art divine—of aught that hath power to raise
The spirit, borne down and crushed beneath the weight of these leaden days;
Air, water, earth—I demand of ye a medicine for the soul:
But all will be vain till, Genius, thou dost consecrate the bowl!

C. A. M. W.

PLENTY FINERY, BUT NO AIR.

In a late newspaper, we observe an account of the decorations of a new steam-vessel which has begun plying between Glasgow and Liverpool. The painting, carving, and gilding are described as something beyond all previous efforts at steamboat embellishment. Not a word is said as to whether the cabins are ventilated. How often would passengers give up all the finery which surrounds them for a mouthful of that article so grudgingly dispensed in steamers—fresh air!

FINE SUMMER WEATHER.

The heat has now reached its climax. During the last three days the thermometer has been gradually rising up to blood heat, which it actually reached in many houses yesterday. The external air could be compared to nothing more appropriately than to the blast of a heated furnace.—*Calcutta paper, May 27.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. & S. OSG, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.